

The Church Walking With The World.

The Church and the World walked far apart
On the changing shores of time,

The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," said the merry World,
"And walk with me this way;"

But the good Church hid her snowy hands
And solemnly answered "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way that leads to death;
Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the world with a kindly air;
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny rough and rude,
But mine is broad and plane;
My way is paved with flowers and dews,
And yours with tears and pain;
The sky to me is always blue,
No want, no toil I know;
The sky above you is always dark,
Your lot is a lot of woe;
There's room enough for you and me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World
And gave him her hand of snow;
And the old World grasped it and walked along,
Saying in accents low,
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
I will give you pearls to wear,
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."
The Church looked down at her plain white robes,
And then at the dazzling world,

And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church with a smile of grace;
Then her pure, white garments drifted away,
And the World gave in their place,
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
Roses and gems and costly pearls;
While over her forehead her bright hair fell
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your home is too plain," said the proud old World,
"I'll build you one like mine;
Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine."
So he built her a costly and beautiful house;
Most splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there
Gleaming in purple and gold;
Rich fairs and shows in the halls were held,
And the World and his children were there.
Laughter and music and feasts were heard
In the place that was meant for prayer.
There were cushioned pews for the rich and the gay,
To sit in their pomp and pride;
But the poor, who were clad in shabby array,
Sat meekly down outside.

"You give to much too the poor," said the World,
"Far more than you ought to do;
If they are in need of shelter and food,
Why need it trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes,
Buy horses and carriages fine,
Buy pearls and jewels and dainty food;
Buy the rarest and costliest wines:
My children dote on all these things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."

Then the Church held fast the strings of her purse,
And modestly lowered her head,
And simpered, "Without doubt you are r
Henceforth I will do as you've said."
So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
But she drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows went weeping by.
Then the sons of the World and the sons of the [Church
Walked closely hand and heart,
And only the Master who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease and said
"I am rich and my goods increase;
I have need of nothing, or ought to do,
But to laugh, and dance, and feast."
The sly World heard, and he laughed in his sleeve,
And mocking said, aside—
"The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and her pride."

The angel drew near to the mercy seat,
And whispered in sighs her name.
Then the loud anthems of rapture were hushed,
And heads were covered with shame.
And a voice was heard at last by the Church
From Him who sat on the Throne,

"I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
'I am rich;' and hast not known
That thou art naked, poor and blind,
And wretched before my face;
Therefore from My presence I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place."

—SELECTED.

Man—Here and Hereafter.

BY R. F. MALLOTT.

"We are workers together with God," in the physical, moral and spiritual developments within and about us. When this great truth is understood as it really exists, man will put himself into a more favorable attitude before God both in his thoughts and the work that they lead him to do. We are made to admire physical nature when infused with human thought and will-power, but while it remains inert, ere man's superior mind-force recreates it, we can see nothing grand nor useful.

By way of illustration. We might have passed and repassed the quartz that lay upon the surface inviting the miner with pick and shovel to open up the rich vaults of precious coin beneath, without being overjoyed, had we not a knowledge of man's superior power to melt out the dross and give to the precious metal such shapes and figures that would be an index to its value. In fact all of our commodities are brought out in the same way. God has worked so far in their production and seems to say to man, "You a fellow worker with me, finish this work." You never heard of God creating plate-glass or any other kind of glass. You can't find a mine of it on earth. But he has created sand and alkali. Man takes up these crude materials and makes glass from them. God grows trees but man must hew, saw, dress them and build mansions of beauty and shelter. We have the textile fibres of wool and cotton, yet man must make the garments. God furnishes the worm and the leaves for it to subsist upon, but man must take its shroud and weave the silk. God filled the bosom of mountains with iron, but he never made a tool; yet of what account would man's hands be without tools? God has ordered the rivers to flow; man teaches industry to use them in the grinding of his cereals, the hum of the factory, &c. God moves the atmosphere; man harnesses it up with masts and sails, and it carries his commodities around the globe. The steam that would waste itself as the curling smoke now does (which I have no doubt could be utilized if it was just applied) was shut up to earn its living by the sweat of its brow. God lights up the sky with the electricity of his power; man brings it down to carry the news of current events from city to city, from friend to friend. How God has exalted man! Taking him into partnership with him in the glory of creation! Bring creation along to a crude form, then at that stage gives it over to man. Why this mysterious recognition in nature? That man may have faith to work with God in the development of spiritual forces. The way to work toward God is to work with Him. He is perfect, we are growing.

And now we come to the great hereafter. How little we know of it. We have learned a Great First cause in physical nature, notwithstanding limited resources. Yet it brings not an answer to the interesting question, "Shall a man live again?" True we have many nice illustrations, such as the silk worm taking the higher form of the beautiful butterfly, and instead of feeding upon mulberry leaves sips the honey and regales its senses from the fragrance of earth's beautiful flowers. This, and many others that space forbids to bring forward, give us encouragement, but is not a direct assurance. Hence we come to God through the revelation of His Son, that we may get that truth so essential to the yearning souls of those who feel that

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

He says, "I came down from the Father to bear witness to the truth." In my Father's abiding place there is ample room for you. "He that liveth and believeth shall never die." Then it appears to me that these bodies of ours are like the husks of corn. They are of little value only to protect that which is forthcoming. Therefore the body must

act in unison with the soul of him who would believe. Hence the command, "Glorify God in your bodies and spirits which are His." The fruit tells us of the vine, and within the fruit is the vine reproduced. So Christ "hath only immortality dwelling in the light," and if we would live again to be elevated above what we can attain in this life, we must become "fellow workers" with him in bringing forth from our lives the fruit of His spirit—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance. If this be our present attitude, it is brought by much confusion. "In this world ye shall have tribulation," but "be of good cheer; I have overcome the world," says Jesus. Yes, the fruits of the spirit could not be brought out without this experience. You would not know your brother to be "meek, gentle, &c., were it not that he was sorely tried. So with all this fruit it matures through the changing seasons of Christian experience. But when we reach the organized life, we should learn more of that which is so imperfectly understood—"The hand that made is Divine." Concords of Heaven will spring out of the discords of earth. The changing power of what we now possess, brings mind out of matter, human mind out of mere animal mind, angelic mind out of human; then we are ripened for eternity. These bodies are husks or chaff, are blown away by the breath of Omnipotence, and our spirits go unto Jesus our forerunner, there to take new form of existence appointed to all who have their "lives hid with Christ in God." Without this end attained in this world of preparation—disciplinary state—I can see no hope of eternal life. But like the partially matured fruit that falls while growing, or the blasted blooms that blow away without taking form, our lives without the Divine nature of Christ are miserable failures. And I can see no use of a prolonged state of existence unless God has a time for us to be disciplined in the great future when we shall profit eternally by the mistakes of this form of life, which He had given us.

I can see a reason for death in the event of believers. There can be no life without it. The grain sown in the earth first dies, then takes during this death of the outer parts a new form of life. I can discern a reason for the resurrection of the wicked; namely, that the victory of the saved may be fully realized; but why they should continue to live when they are by their condition most unhappy and God is not and never was glorified by them I cannot answer? Will some one?

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The Parent Church.

Is our church a branch of any other church? If so, when or which is the main or parent stock, planted by Christ and cultivated by the apostles from which these branches grow? If that is still alive I want to be engrafted into it. If it is dead, what keeps alive the branches? If the original is so cut up into branches that it cannot be found, show me some Scriptural authority why it is so? I read, indeed, of Christ as the vine, and of individual Christians as branches growing out of Him and living by his life; but no where of a parent stock of churches with churches growing out of it. Can any one point me to such a passage? The church at Jerusalem was no more a church than was the church at Antioch or the Church of God in Corinth. Each of them was a separate, distinct and independent organization. There are no branches of the church at Jerusalem or any other church. No church is ever called apart from any other. Each was complete in itself.

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If rich, it is easy to conceal our wealth; but if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat.

A hypocrite is hated of the world for seeming a Christian, and hated of God for not being one.

To have a portion in the world is a mercy. To have the world for a portion is a misery.

Ah make me, Father, anything thou wilt,
So be thou will it! I am safe with thee.

—A HIDDEN LIFE.